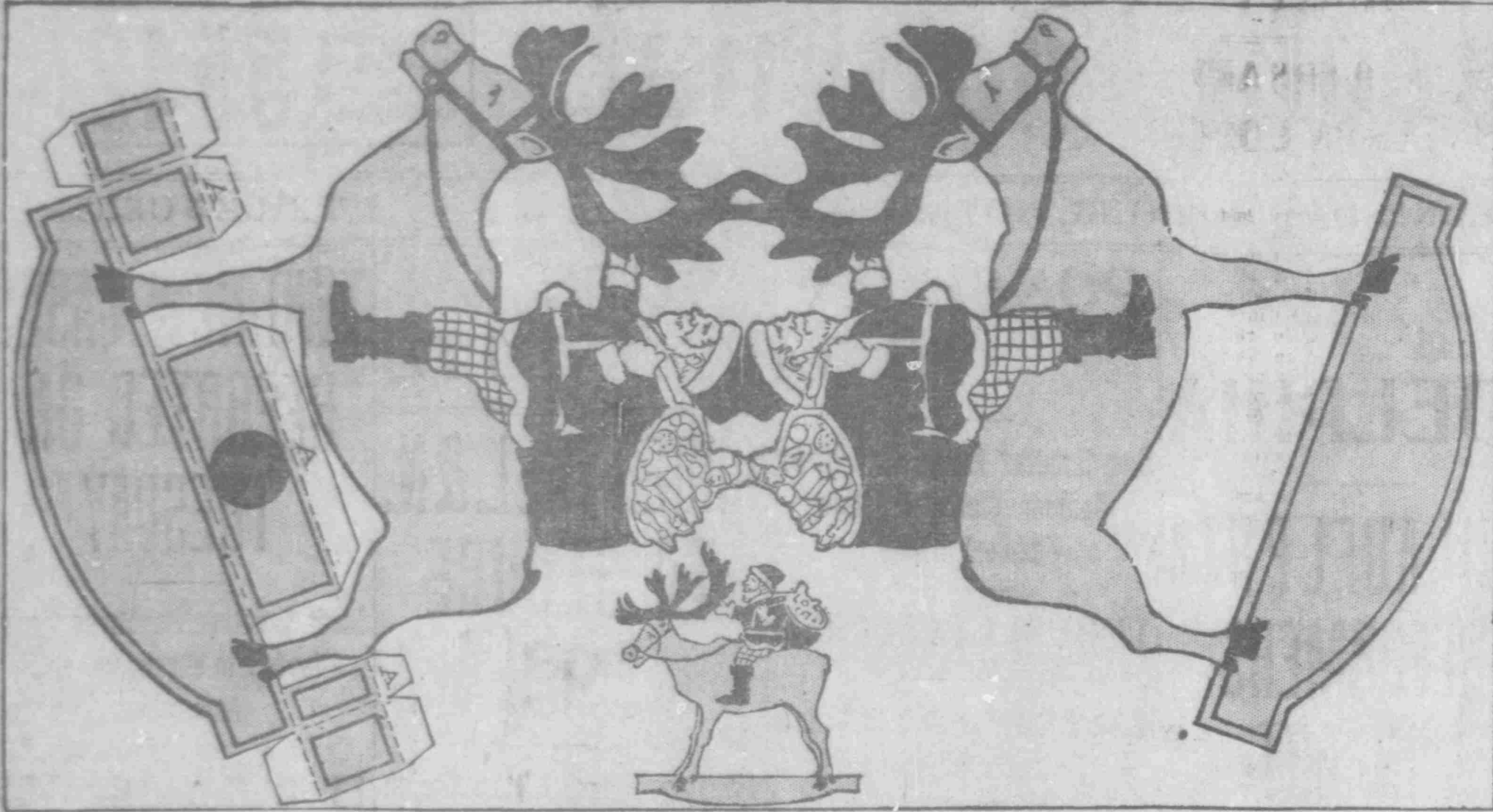


The Rocking Reindeer: A Christmas Cut-Out.



Cut out the reindeer, and then cut around on the heavy lines and fold on dotted lines. Paste the laps "A" on the top of the opposite rocker. Paste the top blank lap to the inside of the "A" laps, and the bottom blank laps to the inside of rocker.

IN THE FOREST OF TRIMMED CHRISTMAS TREES

LIFE was always pleasant to little Bettie, but evening brought the cream of the day. Then the door between the kitchen and the tiny shop was opened, the cobbler and his children gathered around the din, odoriferous lamp, the boys learning their lessons to the patient rhythm of the father's hammer.

"Only nine days before Christmas," she announced, as she sat down by Jack's wadded chair. "Jack, do you suppose Santa Claus has got my letter yet? Do

and candy and lighting a million little candles."

Bettie was a long time falling to sleep that night, for her active brain had been fed too royally. But the bewitching story was completely swallowed, and an overwhelming longing had arisen to see for herself the forest of trimmed Christmas trees.

Bettie was supremely happy. Six pennies, shaken rather guiltily from her cherished china pig, were securely tied in a corner of her handkerchief. The car was not full, and she had ventured to kneel upon the seat, to enjoy to the extreme the unusual excitement of a ride in the trolley. It was all a highly entertaining panorama, but the little girl was anxious for the monotonous rows of dingy brick houses to give way to the open lots, and finally to the fields and woods, for which she was bound.

Her reverie was interrupted by the conductor's demand of "fare."

"Gold far?" asked the conductor as Bettie gave him her three pennies.

"Yes, quite a ways. Out there!"—and the child waved her hand vaguely toward the place where the tracks seemed to meet, pointing to a land of promise.

"Sure you know where you're to get off?"

"When we reach the woods."

"Oh, Brown's Woods," and the conductor looked relieved as he passed down the aisle.

Humming to herself, Bettie watched the houses, now scattered over dreary lots where goats and children played on the great ash heaps, until, further still from the city, the car began passing pleasant little homesteads, displaying at their windows wreaths of holly and of evergreen.

"Brown's Woods! Here you are, little girl!" the conductor shouted. Bettie, trusting and happy, said a shy "goodbye" to the man as he helped her off with a playful warning not to "get lost."

Brown's Woods seemed to be a general store and a few wretched houses. Bettie looked about her with a sinking heart. The woods, dark but promising, were quite a distance beyond the settlement, but the child set bravely out.

As she became tired her feet grew numb, for in spite of the stout half-soled shoes the cold had struck through. The poor child was terrified and for the first time began to think of home. She had found not even a solitary evergreen tree, but she still believed them to be there, and as the Christmas eve settled down over the gloomy woods she rehearsed to herself all the details of Tom's wild story, this time remembering his saving clause, that only old people could see the wonderful vision of Santa Claus stepping from tree to tree, trimming the swaying branches and lighting the little candles.

Bettie listened, painfully intent. Then, with a sob and a shiver, she stumbled on. She put her hand in her pocket for her handkerchief, but she had lost it. The distance covered by the trolley, in reality several miles, was far greater to her childish estimation. She felt herself to be at the North Pole of the earth and lacking the three cents which had the wizard's power

to bring her home again. The despair

She imagined she was retracing her steps, and groping desperately in the unknown dark she hurried on, often knocking against low boughs and sometimes falling over half-buried roots. Finally she tripped on a fallen limb, and, bruised and half-frozen, the poor child was too tired to rise.

When she opened her eyes she was staring at a light, distant and twinkling, but bright and reassuring. She was spell-bound, no other thought occurring to her than that it was a lighted Christmas tree. She rose like one hypnotized and made her way steadily toward the light, as though drawn by a magnet.

The woods were more open now and fear and cold forgotten, as the child was conscious of nothing else in the world but the tree, which any moment she expected to see below that guiding light. After walking much further than she knew, she stopped—for she was within reach of a real trimmed Christmas tree! Not the great glittering one of her imagination, but a small tree, blossoming with all the strange fruit of the season, popcorn, red and white and pink; striped candy canes and baskets, shining balls and angels and little red candles twinkling from the tips of the branches.

Not until there was a sudden opening of an inner door and a merry burst of childish laughter, did Bettie realize that her fascinated eyes gazing into a room glorified by the tree of Christ, whose far reaching light had led her from the dark woods to this cheerful little refuge.

Only half comprehending what she saw, she watched the laughing children fastening gifts on the loaded tree and hanging stockings over the fireplace. Finally, after a lost look of admiration, the children reluctantly obeyed a summons to bed.

By and by the father opened the front door and came out to shut the blinds. As he reached up, he stumbled over a little figure huddled in the snow.

"Bless me, what's here?" he exclaimed, bending over the half-frozen child.

"It's me," murmured Bettie, drowsily. The man swept a puzzled glance over the little girl, then gathered her up and carried her into the house. He placed her on a lounge, and his astonished wife began chafing the numb hands.

"Where have you come from? What are you doing out this time of night?"

"I was trying to find the forest of trimmed Christmas trees," whispered Bettie.

The husband and wife exchanged an alarmed glance for they thought the poor child was wandering, but the woman caught the motherless child from the sofa, holding her close in her arms.

"You've found the Christmas tree, my lamb. Now tell me all about it while we get you warm and fed."

It was not a very intelligible tale, but the mother nodded and smiled, looking at the child's neat clothing and her honest eyes. She seemed to be able to fill all omissions in the story.

"If only Jack could see that tree," Bettie murmured as she fell asleep.

It was Christmas night, and the little kitchen back of the shop was full of happiness. Tom, chastened and thankful, hovered around Bettie, while Jack's eyes never left the little girl. The father was content to hear her voice and to forget all the anxiety of the preceding night. The good man into whose hands Bettie had fallen had not returned from his errand alone, but the frantic father had accompanied him, and sat by Bettie, sleeping serenely in the strange bed.

A rap at the outer door summoned the father, who left the kitchen, carefully closing the door. The children were in high spirits, and it did not seem long before their father returned. He lifted Jack in his arms, and soberly turned to Tom and Bettie.

"I need this room for business. You children must go into the shop."

He threw open the door as the little group reached the threshold.

There was a profound silence, then—"Jimmy!" yelled Tom.

"Is it real?" whispered Bettie, while Jack asked if God had sent it.

No wonder! The cluttered little shop was transformed, for in its centre stood a beautiful tree, the branches reaching almost to the walls. The good fairy who had arranged it into the room had been quicker than lightning, for the tree was well laden.

"Oh, Jack! Jack! isn't it lovely? It's as fine as the tree last night!" cried Bettie. She cocked her small head and narrowed her eyes. "I do believe," she said, slowly, "I do believe it's the very same tree!"

STUPID DOLLY.

Little Dolly Dimpleton.
She is such a simpleton!
She just sits and stares and stares
All the living day.
You may say "Oh, please!" to her,
Get down on your knees to her—
Still you'll find she can't be coaxed
A single word to say.

Little Dolly Dimpleton,
She is such a simpleton,
If you leave her long alone,
It's an awful risk!
For she has such wobbly feet,
If she struck the cobbly street,
That would be the end of her
Because she's made of bisque!

ANNA MARBLE

SOME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS A BOY CAN MAKE.

IT is not a difficult matter to make many useful objects that will be very acceptable as presents, and for those who would like some suggestions a few ideas are illustrated here that any smart boy can follow, and as a result some very attractive objects will be made.

An Umbrella Stand.
A substantial umbrella stand is shown in one of the illustrations, and in construction it is very simple, being made from white wood or pine boards three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

Two boards are cut thirty inches long and ten inches wide for the front and back, and for the sides two more boards are cut thirty inches long and eight inches wide.

The front and back board are nailed to the edges of the side boards with long slim steel wire nails, and a bottom board is cut and fitted to the lower end of the box, where it is securely held with more of the long slim nails.

A China Rack.
For the dining room a china rack would be an acceptable present to mother, and the one shown in the illustration is quite an easy one to make. It consists of three shelves, two side plates and two thin rods. The side plates are thirty inches high, with three notches cut in them, as shown in figure 1A, and the shelves can

wood from moisture in the earth it contains, as otherwise the dampness would cause the board to swell and warp so as to spring the box loose at the joints. The outside and top edges of the box can be painted a light, pleasing shade, and two or three coats will be sufficient to give it a good appearance. The inside should be coated with black asphaltum varnish, that forms a waterproof coating, and if moisture should come in contact with the wood it will not be as liable to warp as if ordinary thin paint was applied.

The design on the front of the box is to be outlined with oval-headed brass upholstery tacks one-quarter or three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

When the last coat of paint is thoroughly dry the tacks can be driven on the surface, and to arrange them in an even and uniform manner a line describing the design should be followed.

On a piece of thin brown paper the size of the box front draw with a soft lead pencil the illustrated design and pin the paper to the front of the box.

A Firewood Box.
The design for a firewood box is shown in another illustration, and while it may appear a difficult matter to make one, it is in reality quite a simple affair to construct and decorate, as shown in the drawing.

ing, and is not beyond the ability of any smart boy to make.

Of tongued and grooved boards make a box thirty-six inches long, sixteen inches wide and eighteen inches high, with the bottom fastened three inches above the lower edge of the sides and ends.

A cover should be made to extend over the ends and front three-quarters of an inch, and at the rear edge it is to be attached to the box with two strong sheet iron or brass hinges.

With a compass saw cut the bottom of the front and ends, as shown, and then treat the wood to several good coats of paint or varnish, after which the four corners can be bound with thin sheet iron and large oval-headed upholstery tacks driven two inches apart. Sheet lead can be substituted for the iron. At the top, sides and ends panels may be formed of figured upholstery goods or leather, and to give them the padded effect they may be lined with curled hair, a few layers of cotton batting or some fine excelsior. To finish the edges nicely leather or mohair gimp should be caught down with large headed tacks, and they may be placed an even distance apart, as shown in the illustration.

A division in the box will make it a convenient receptacle for both coal and wood for an open or grate fire.



PRESENTS THAT A GIRL CAN MAKE.

THERE are many things a girl can make for her mother, and it would take books to write about them, but there are a few things shown in the illustrations that any mother would like to have, especially as an example of a daughter's handiwork.

For unbound parts forming an illustrated art work or literary budget, or perhaps, some of the magazines that are subscribed for, a very useful temporary binder is shown in the shape of a portfolio. This folio is a very simple affair to make and is composed of two stout binders' boards, some linen crash, brass rings and linen or woolen tape. The binders' boards should be cut half an inch longer and wider than the size of the magazine, and over one side of each board the crash is stretched and lapped over the edges where it is glued to the reverse side.

For general use this box can measure eighteen inches long, ten inches wide and eight inches deep.

The metal binding on the edges can be of brass or stovepipe iron and should be one-half an inch wide on a side, or, if preferable, it can be of thin sheet lead, painted black.

The nails to fasten it on with may be purchased at a hardware store, and are known as brass headed upholstery nails. The heads should be three-eighths of an inch in diameter and oval, not half round.

The heap and hinge straps are cut from metal a trifle thicker than the binding, and are held in place by means of nails driven through the metal and into the wood. Handles are provided for the ends of the box, and if made from iron, the parts should all be painted black before they are applied. The inside may be lined

IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THERE is no time of the year when boys and girls must turn over their pennies quite so often as during the few days before Christmas, since they, with small allowances, gifts must be bought for fathers and mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins and aunts, even sweethearts. Yet making the limit of expenditure twenty-five cents for each gift there are many acceptable little things to be found. Fathers and uncles, those most difficult of all to shop for, are invariably pleased with any one of the following suggestions, which cost only twenty-five cents each:

- Vest pocket diary.
- Small bright red box for elastic.
- Metal ash receiver for card table.
- Funny Japanese mask.
- Practical corker.
- Rack for shaving paper.
- Small case with court plaster.
- Box of sealing wax.
- For mothers and aunts there are among innumerable others twenty-five cent gifts:—
- Cobra candlesticks, which are made of brass and found at Oriental shops.
- Jumble necklaces, or purses, made of seeds from the islands of the sea.
- Chinese sacred bulb, ten cents, and which should be placed to grow in a deep blue and white saucer.
- Small china cream pitcher.
- Dainty cup and saucer.
- Pretty handkerchief.
- Brownie picture frame.
- Small Indian straw basket.
- Little account book.
- Case for postage stamps.
- Book for telephone numbers.
- Tiny nickel perfume funnel.
- Grown up sisters like much the same things, while for them there may also be chosen:—
- Effective hat pins.
- Pretty stock or silk necktie.
- Round china box for holding cold cream.
- Pair Japanese straw sandals.
- Small china pin tray.
- Chinese spoon for measuring tea leaves.
- Decorative bead rosary.
- Small plaster ornament.
- Cretone covered box for trifles.
- To give to little girls:—
- Trifles for doll houses that are quite new and cost no more than twenty-five cents, such as:—
- Telephone and book.
- Carpet sweeper.
- Water basin sets.
- Small basket, already arranged for cork and worsted work.
- Box of paints.
- Soap bubble sets.
- Pen and ink.
- Set of sewing and weaving cards.
- Card games, such as:—
- Authors, leaves or flowers.
- Pretty hair ribbon.
- Pictures for pasting in scrap book.
- Small pin cushion.
- Box of fancy writing paper.
- Small bottle of scent.
- Blank book for pressing flowers.
- Nickel plated pencil-top.
- String of blue beads.

For young boys the following gifts are to be had for no more than twenty-five cents each:—

- Small animals, with nodding heads.
- Small sets for basin fishing.
- Popgun.
- Water pistol.
- Small sailboat.
- A set of either tin or wooden soldiers.
- Simple mechanical toy.
- Small iron train.
- Rubber ball.

What Do the Hidden Letters Spell?



AIM HIGH! SAID THE DEACON IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A HIT WILLIE THOUGHT IT GOOD ADVICE AND SO HE FOLLOWED IT. HE SHOT THE ARROW STRAIGHT ABOVE HOPING HE WOULD SCORE. IT SOON RETURNED AND WILLIE LEARNED TO DO THE LIKE NO

Hidden in the picture you will find a number of letters which when put together properly will spell the missing word which completes the verse.